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Author: Yew Town Council  
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SCHOLARS DISCOVER  
OLDER HALLOWEEN  
PRECIDENT

For years now, many of the inhabitants of this land have considered the celebration of Halloween to have been brought over by Lord British when he first came to this land from his native Earth. However, a recent discovery by scholars of Sosarian archives indicate that our ancestors have been observing this tradition long before the days of the first cataclysm. Back then it was referred to as Griefing Day, and has since evolved into the form that we practice today. The practices of the customs, however continue in several ways, though many have forgotten the original message. Before the virtues tempered the hearts of men, the people were a sick, barbarous lot; wantonly inflicting abuses upon each other, until it reached a point where progress was being hindered by these constant, malicious antics. It was decided that one day a year would be set aside for this behavior, and those who wished not to participate, would ensconce themselves inside their houses until the day had safely passed. Not to be deprived of victims,

the mean-spirited would devise schemes such as setting fire to a burning sack of excrement which would be placed on the victim's doorstep as they knocked on the door then hid. Oft times, the prankster would be spotted snickering behind some cover, recognized and mercifully beaten on his own doorstep the following day; thus resulting in the innovation of the Griefing Day disguise. The Holiday Celebratory Council enacted several changes in the custom, including the prohibition of any use of arson to provoke the homeowner from leaving his home. Long gone are the days where one would witness resident and guest grappling with deadly intent at the threshold of a home. Nowadays, a trick or treater is content to receive a mild shanking at the doorway or have paint thrown into his or her face. The traditional holiday greeting evolved from flipping the bird to a more cheerful "trick or treat." The greeting itself became mandatory following a series of incidents whereupon a number of hapless door to door encyclopedia salesmen were killed by uptight homeowners on the fated holiday in cases of mistaken identity. Today, the hostility of the occasion is greatly toned down, but there still lingers the residual ancient enmity between resident and holiday extortionist. Spouses have long done away with the custom of handing out poisoned bottles of wine

to visitors and have  
contented themselves with  
doling out foul pitchers  
of milk that have been  
patiently curdling in the  
pantry since the beginning  
of the month, or  
distributing the specially  
formulated pain wrenching  
candy that sends a rictus  
of agony through one's  
skull when consumed.  
Gifts of miniature iron  
maidens and guillotines  
hearken back to the days  
when disgruntled victims  
would threaten pranksters  
with torture or  
decapitation. When these  
customs are viewed in  
the light of latest  
findings, it seems to lend  
proof to the old adage  
of the more that things  
change, the more they  
remain the same.

## EXPERTS LOOK INTO PAST PHENOMENOM

What ever happened to  
the phantom towers that  
veterans say used to  
appear in the lands of  
Yew and just as  
mysteriously fade into  
nothingness? That's what  
paranormal investigators  
want to know. Travellers  
would sometimes speak of  
the odd towers that  
would briefly appear along  
the coast, but such tales  
are no longer heard in  
these times. Was it all a  
hoax, or were these just  
urban legends? Or, is  
there just no more  
vacant space for a  
spectral fortress to  
manifest anymore in this  
day and age? If any of  
our readers have  
experienced such sightings,  
our staff would be

interested in hearing your account.

## SURVIVAL TIPS FROM THE FIELD

### Hunting with DeadBob

On a recent jaunt into Demon Valley, Lord Virus, our provisionary, brought 10 bottles of whiskey, 12 cases of ale and 2 packages of fish steaks.

"Virus," Lord Gandolf asked him, "What are we going to do with all them damn hotdogs?"

After a liquid lunch, we were off to slay demons when a paragon suddenly spawned and bit off Lord Virus' codpiece. Most of us managed to get away clean. But if you see happen to see Lord Virus sporting a codpiece with bite-marks, and, missing his left buttock, we can explain. As we were running away from that paragon, all of us stopped to put on running shoes. All except Virus, that is. He didn't have any.

"Why are you putting on your running shoes?" he asked. "Do you really think you are going to out run that demon with those?"

To which we replied over our shoulders as we sped off, "We don't have to out run the demon. We just have to out run you!"

- db

A figure dressed in green, blending into the colors that surround it, made its way to the center of Yew. Standing

by the portal leading to  
the Elven city, one that  
was not there in ages  
passed, pulled the hood of  
her cloak back revealing  
the features of a human  
female. Tall and slender  
she was, with a shape  
and presence that would  
and does catch the  
attention of many.

She knew of the days  
when this town was  
bustling with activity, for  
she was young then and  
so very wide eyed taking  
it all in. The majority of  
her days spent never  
really knowing if the  
choices she made were  
the right ones in those  
special times, she smiled  
almost to herself. She  
recalled learning two  
important and special  
things about these lands  
of Sosaria: we would  
never grow old, and never  
truly die.

Focusing on those days  
her eyes closed slowly as  
the sights and sounds  
came washing over her...  
Men in green armor  
running to and fro,  
welcoming new citizens to  
their lands, or guarding it  
with their lives. Many a  
time forcing the  
Stormreaver Orc hordes  
back to their fort south  
of Yew, or other times  
fighting off a more  
sinister foe, men that  
had gone red from the  
spilling of so much blood.  
She closed her eyes  
tighter as she drifted  
even further back in  
time, a time when she  
met great new friends,  
and lovers, having  
wonderful adventures  
around the forests of  
Yew, or even more risky  
times in the carernous

dungeons of Wrong.  
Suddenly her nose took in  
a scent, a distinct smell  
causing her to remember  
the winerys of Yew,  
where often she would  
drink with fellow  
adventureres, or even  
foes.

Her hand went to her  
cheek as her eyes open,  
wiping away at the tears.  
She so hated that about  
these lands and thought  
to herself why do these  
wonderful vibrant  
memories have to bring  
about such a torrent of  
emotions always seemingly  
ending in grief? Her eyes  
caught a piece of paper  
nailed to a tree, was it  
a bounty for a  
murderer?? No, of course  
not, those days had long  
since passed when you  
could bring a murderer's  
head back to town and  
collect a tidy sum slaying  
him for his crimes.

She further cleared her  
eyes, what was this? She  
began to read:

## OCTOBERFEST 2011

On the last Thursday &  
Friday of the month of  
October (the 27th &  
28th) the A Sosarian  
Empire Alliance will be  
hosting an event located  
at the center of Yew  
(Trammel). Enjoy new  
adventures... meet with  
old friends and  
acquaintances, and make  
new ones as we have  
planned two evenings with  
a focus on enjoyment and  
fond memories.

Join us on Thursday at  
730 pm eastern time to  
enter into the Halloween  
Costume contest (hosted

by Clan Moor) followed by  
the Box Stacking Event  
relying on your wits to  
be the first to finish  
(rules provided at event  
sight / hosted by the  
Vampiric Order) and the  
last event of the evening  
the Boozefest - you just  
have to be there to  
believe and enjoy this  
riddlefest of booze and  
questions (hosted by the  
A Sosariian Alliance Event  
Master Corinthian (YEW).

And on Friday test your  
skills firing small, sharp  
wooden sticks at targets  
in the Archery contest  
at 8pm eastern (hosted  
by YEW), followed by the  
Amazing Yew Race race  
against time (hosted by  
TWT & H\*W) and top it  
all off with a Halloween  
Dinner (hosted by the  
Serpents Cross Tavern  
and their renowned  
catering crew.

Hope to see you all  
there.